



To the Prince of VVales.

SON,

If my *Papers* at your hand arrive,
Wherein by *Conscience Counsell* I contrive;
Rallie my private thoughts, and in array
My forces ready for your march display,
Proof-armed, & by sound *Experience* taught
How to keep ground, retreate, how to assau't;
Advance yours by *my Iudgement* to the field,
Where *Piety* must be your *svord* and *shield*;
Guide you in *fight*, and *parlie*, to redresse
What now *doe's*, or hereafter *may*, you presse;

I wing the heavie *Houres*, and cleare the skie
From the cloud of *restraint* and *injurie*;
Through my immantled *soul* see brighter day
Then's ushe'd by the messenger of *May*,
In these light-streaming lines, which o're the
hill

Shew me your future *triumph* by my skill,
When neither *Son*, nor *Subject*, sure, will guesse
The measure of the *Cause* by my *successe*,
Convinc'd by yours; nor in opinion state

My

4 *The Royall Miffive.*

My *Judgement*, as my *Warre*, unfortunate:
So, yet more thought so for your sake, &
theirs,

With my selfe *Rivall*, you my *Love's* coheires;
The weights of whose afflictions presse me
downe

Deeper in sense, and sadness, than mine own,
From a *false title* to my *suffering*,
Because I am your *father*, and their *King*.

But from most *Princes* have you *Wisdom's*
prize

Won, by encountering early miseries;
And with deare-bought *Experience* crown'd
those yeeres

Spent in beguiling pleasures by your *Peeres*;
Practis'd your *arms*, and *patience* exercis'd;
So that by no *Chance* can you be surpris'd,
For want of *Judgement's* guard, in your *escape*
Secure, taught future cautele by my *rape*.

In this black scile, & season, doe you plant
Po'inske Vertues, manure Morall, dant
Slow expectation; turne Ioy into Rage
At full grow'n Piesy in pupillage.

S. shoot up winter-fians, more freight, &
clean,

Then in warme *Sun - shine* set, or times *serene*.

In dayes of *peace* and *plenty* Princes courts
No *Paradises* are, but *scenes* of *spoils*,

VVhere

The Royall Miſſive. 5

Where *Vertue* take's no root, & *Pleasure* weave's
 But *Honour's* counterfeit in ſilken leaves;
 Frame's language to put off, with diſrepute,
 Empty formalities for reall fruit,
 That ſterve the *Publke*, to which *Kings ſonnes*
 knowe

Their yeares, by *birth*, and *Providence*, they
 owe.

That *Royall couple*, by the ſacred pen
 Recorded, neither *Kings* alike, nor *men*;
 Give's us a proſpect of th' inchanting power;
 Which blowe's the *Grädfire's*, blaſt's y^e *Nephew's*
flower.

* The ſon of *Ieſſe* that ſtep't firſt with his *sling* * The
 Toward the *Court* and *ſite* of a *King*, Para
 Met, though the *Giant* fell by the ſmall ſtone, phraſt
 Troups of *Miſſ-fortune* for that happy one; here
 Steep mountaines climb'd for a concealing take's
 clowd, the
 liber-

And in darke caves did *Innocency* ſhrowd, ry of
 Vntill, fledg'd in *afflictions*, and high-flow'n some
 He fetch't from *Heav'n* the *laurell* with his en-
 Crown, large-
 ment

Maintaind by *sword* and *Vertue*, but entail'd out
 To one who, fraught with *Wiſdome*, by *Will* of ſa-
 fail'd; cred

Become heire of vaſt *wealth*, & war-got leiſu- Hi-
 re, ſta-
 rie,

Traſſiq't

6 *The Royall Miffive.*

Traffiq't for new-found *fancies*, unknow'n
pleasure;

Chang'd th' *iron Chariot* for an *ivory Throne*;
 On *silver* trod instead of *sand* and *stone*;
 Walk't under bending *Cedars* clasp't with gold,
 While globes of *Incense* through his *Palace*
 roll'd;

As many *wives* and *women* had, as *wishes*;
 More *tables* furnish't, then his father *dishes*.
 His *ships*, witharmes, and horses, plough'd y^e
Maine,

Brought *Apes* too, and y^e bird with *flarry*
traine.

The *Infant heire*, in beds of softest downe,
 Slept out the boding sorrowes of a *Crowne*;
 Chapletts of *roses* bound his youthfull brow,
 While *wine* and *joyes* his bowles did overflow;
 Intrancing *muske* dayly charm'd his care;
 In streames of *oyle* and *whispers* did he heare
 All *sycophantike* language, not once told,
 The *yong Prince*, as *yong Peasant*, must grow
old.

In these rich *softs & sweets Rehoboam* bred
 His *honour*, *peace*, and *Crowne*, halfe forfeited
 To his *green Sages* rashnes, and those *flies*
 That stick to glorious *Princes* with pres'd
thighes

And

The Royall Miſſive. 7

And cripled knees, much like ſuch *ſummer*
creatures

As in ripe fruit deſtroy the faireſt features,
Till *Autumne's* chaſing blaſts do 'em diſſeiſe,
As a *miſſ-fortune* ſpied give's wings to theſe.

I had rather (which my *Heart* ſpeake's by
my *Hand*)

That you ſhould *Charles le Bon* be, then *le*
Grand;

Yet I, hope, deſtin'd to my *Royall* ſeat,
God will both *Charles the good* make, and
y^e Great,

Call'd in the *dawning* of your *Age*, to try
With *Nature's* Champions *Grace's* chivalry;
And by *Heav'n's* influence ſubdue the miſts
That to delude your ſenſe poſſeſſe the liſts;
The guerdon to which conqueſt of your mind,
Will be, to have it ſteadily inclin'd
To the imployment of thoſe *ſacred powers*
Deſcended on you with the *blooming Flowers*;
By their full ſtrength and luſter to maintaine
Your peoples *wellfare*, & their *love* to gaine.

With *God* begin and end, whoſe *Vaſſalls* are,
All *Kings*, each *ſcepter* ſubject to ſome *ſtarre*,
Wherein its *Fortune* wind's or low, or high,
By an *eccentrick regularitie*,
Till, at accompliſh'd *numbers*, it the ſame
With ſilent *thunder* ſtrikes, or unſeen *flame*,
VVhich

8 *The Royall Miſſive.*

Which a lowd *ſummon* is, and blazing *light*,
 For him to reach a *Crowne*, that ha's no *right*,
 Whom the *Diſpoſer Sovereigne* may too
 Give a *ſhort turne*, and then *eternize* you;
 For all the *Kings* and *Kingdomes* of the World
 Are by him *calmed*, or in *tempeſts* hurld;
 And *crownes* in *lines* deſcend not, nor are given,
 But by *Fate* wrap't up in the fold of *Heaven*.

The higheſt *Monarchie* you can attaine
 Is, to account y^e *World's*, your *Sovereigne*;
 That you may copie right the *Royall Are*
 By the ſway of his *ſcepter* in your *heart*,
 That *ſcepter* which by word proclaime's his will,
 By *ſpirit* incline's gently to fullfill.

Princes true glory is God's to advance
 In holy worſhip, and *Church maintenance*;
 By ciuile power to oblige or releaſe,
 With *juſtice, honour*, dues to publike *Peace*.

Auſpicious *Votes* payd at the *Altar* may
 Vnveile your *Morning* for a glorious *Day*;
 At leaſt keep up the *cloud* before her eyes
 From *breaking ſtormes*, *dethroning Miſeries*;

Though with the *VVreched* ſhall I not enroll
 Him that, y^e *field & Crowne* loſt, ſave's his ſoul.
 Vnto which center of true *Happineſſe*,
 I truſt, the *All-directour* doe's addreſſe
 Theſe black lines of *Affliction*, from each arch
 Of *Miſerie's* circumference that march

Through

The Royall Mifſive. 9

Through my ſoul's circlet, & me captive lead
To Conqueſt, where, turn'd rayes, they'll deck
my head.

You have already Kiſſ'd the Cup, but I
Have congies quaff't of King - calamitie,
Which though it in the hollow of each veine
A tempeſt beate, and ſympathetike paine
Raiſe in my Spirit's Palace, yet I call
Heav'n's Panace or ſafe Antimoniall.

Before all, if not, as Hope ſuggeſt's, done;
Ground a firme Quadrate for Religion,
On which no ſlight Shaft or Pillafter ſet,
With the late - fancied foliage, or fret;
But ſuch as English Architects have told
Supported the Church Edifice of old,
When Rome on no Grotiſque, or Antike, ſtood,
But on Heav'n's Atlas, a * Coloſſe of blood;
Greece not in ruines, and amazement, lay,
The marble ſoftned by her teares to clay,
Which Ancient Pile of Glory I beſt thought
By the Britanniſh Modell'ers new - wrought,
Wherein you have beauteous proportions ſeen
With others eyes, but now muſt judge between
Conſcience and Cuſtome, with your Reason try
What Fayth can reach ſhort of Credulity.
So ſhall the choice be yours, not, as before,
The practice, on mine, or the Biſhops, ſcore.
In it, thus rais'd, I charge you perſevere,

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and
the
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B

As

10 *The Royall Missive.*

As the divinest *Oracles* most neare
 Approa. hing, for pure doctrine, & the *Prime*
Church order drawing downe to moderne time,
 Somewhat amended, which I often have
 Expres'd, and offer'd, but none hearing gave.

That you should *fixed in Religion* be,
 Ha's no more uncontroll'd necessitie
 For your *souls*, then your *Kingdomes* lasting
peace,

When your *warres*, & now - forced *travailes*,
 cease.

Since the *rebellious Devills* turne *Divine*,
 And in shape of *Reforming Angels* shine.
 Now the old gliding *Serpent* goe's upright,
 Pretending from darke *shades* to new - sprung
light.

When Conscience *Faction* and *sedition* cries,
 Song with *Religion* stop her mouth, and *Lies*;
 When Piety *Patience* pleades, and *Peace*, their
 peal

Of *Fury* ring's, out nought but *Armes* and
Zeale;

So that unlesse the root well - earthed bee,
 The *Wind*, that seeme's to *kisse*, will *shake*, the
 Tree.

Nor shall you want *Religion*'s tempting
 powers
 To *Reforme*, that is, *Ruine* you and yours :

For

The Royall Missive. II

For when the worst in *creason* would combine,
 They find nought better blancheth the *designe*,
 Where, beside new invention, which affe^rct's
 The vulgar *changing* fancies, each project's
 Himselfe a share in the *Great Worke*, the name
 Of a *Reformer*, to conceale his *shame*,
 Which, self-convicted turne's to *impudence*,
 Of censure, with feign'd *zeale* out-fa^ring *sease*.
 What by your *judgement*, and the *Church*, is

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selfe.

set
Religion's Standard, vindicate; abet
 No *Partisans* of faction, nor relieve
 The plaintiffe *Schismatike*, th' accus'd to grieve.
 Head no *disjointed Members*, nor adhere
 To *Privilegiates*, in hope, or feare;
 For the *complying heares*, you gaine, are such
 As, when you in Religion *ben* will *crouch*,
 While the more upright *Votaries* impute,
 That you their fayth *despise*, them *persecute*.
 With *charity*, and *calmnesse*, recompose
 Impartially divided spirits, but those
 That upon interest *Rebellion* raise,
 Out of *Church-ruines* to repaire decaies,
 Chastise by *Iustice*, or with *forces* scatter,
 So neither *Faction* need you *fear*, or *flatter*;
 For if *their courtesie* you want, my Son,
 I antedate your doome, You are *undone*,
 If *Innocence* mistake her mate, in love

Bill

12 *The Royall Missive.*

Bill with the *Serpent*, He'll devoure y^e *Dove*.
 None wil you finde lesle loyall, just, humane,
 Then *Rebells* that *Religion's* name prophane;
 All their demands, and actions, which surmount
Reason, or rule, they place to *Gods* account;
 Vnder whose Colours, and Heav'n's Canopie,
Ambition marcheth, with slie *Policie*,
 Secure and confident of the applause
 Common *Devotion* offer's to *God's Cause*.

Thus may you from their covenanted Bands
 Heare *Jacob's* voice, but shall feel *Esau's* hāds.
England lesle no usurping *Faction* fear'd,
 Of late yeares, then *Presbyterie*, which appear'd
 Most *Saintly modest*, humbly retrograde
 From their forefathers boldnesse to invade;
 Nor, when they most in *Consistorie* fate,
 Could they strike terrour in my *Church*, or
State;

But since phantastike *Frowardnesse* divides
 My double-byass'd People into sides,
 As corrupt *Humours*, fond some *Fever's* name
 To get, meet in full furie to inflame:
 So doe's each scatter'd discontented *Passion*
 Here rendezvous, some in *choice*, some for
fashion,

While this *New Light*, shot from the *Northerne*
Starre,
Religion guide's, by *Parliament*, to Warre.

At

The Royall Missive. 13

At first the pettie *Factions* were the *suite*
Of this great *Rabbi*, crouch'd & kiss'd his feet,
Till *Time* experience gave, & *Warre's* successe
Leisure to search, discoverie to guesse
Each at peculiar *int'rest*, that invite's
To divide *spoiles*, and *sequester'd* delights;
To breake *Religion's* stock for a new *Trade*
By *partie - profits*, or *preferments*, made;
This to *Church* ruine, and *Republike*, wrought;
And on *Presbyterie* self - confusion brought;
Dash'd his first hopes, when chosen *Generall*,
He mean't no *sharing stakes*, but *sweeping all*.

Have nothing despicable in your eye
That threaten's the *Church - peace* or *Piety*;
Errors, and *schismes*, presented from a farre
But as *Night - cloud - foyles* for Heaven's bright;
fact starre,

Chace from your *Church - horizon*, and dispell,
By early censure, each to its darke cell,
Lest what seeme's a *petitionarie hand*
Or'cloud you, spread into an Armed Band.

The *Temple* cleansed, and ye *Altars* dress'd,
Religion preserv'd, beautified, profess'd;
To *God*, his *Church*, your *Soul*, due justice done;
Truth, though betwee two crucified, kep't one;
Ascend your high *Tribunal*, judge each cause
By your inheritance, the *Kingdome's* lawes:
For as your great *Fate* in that *Orbe* doth roll,
So

14 *The Royall Missive.*

So your good *Ruling-Starre* turne's on this pole;
Whose mixed influence may wonder bring,
That set's your *Subject free*, yet keepe's *you*
King,

If you know true *Prerogative's* to have
A happy people *Servant*, no poore *Slave*;
Whose safety, peace, and property preserv'd,
Import's no pamper'd *Body*, with *Head* serv'd.
Ingenuous *Liberty* doe's not restraine
The right-hand priviledge to hold the reigne,
Fed with the fruits of a joint care, 'tis meant
You *guide*, they *draw*, the Chariot, by consent.

Charge not your head with such a massie
Crownne,

As sinke's the body and supporters downe;
From which nor strength, nor honour, can
you have,

Nor hope they 'll rise from ruine you to save.

Best may you *Royalty* from rumours quit,
When you *intend* not *rigour*, but *remit*;
For while by justice you *oppresse*, not *awe*,
You play the *Tyrant* with a *ruling Lawe*.

The censure of the raving *World* to me
Is no reproach, so I a *Martyr* be,

And such I am, who suffer, to maintaine
Fix't *Lanes*, set- *VVorship* of my Sovereigne;
Naught else my *Kingdome*. - *troublers* can object
But that these from their *changes* I protect;

That

The Royall Missive.

15

That I preferre the *Oracles*, I found
By *sun-rayes* writ, to *darke dreames* they pro-
pound;

And shall, till better *Reason* me perswade
Then *Tumules*, *Armies*, *Prisons*, which invade.

I can not yet that uncouth lesson learne,
Nor you, I hope, when at the *Kingdome's* sterne,
That it is safe for us *Kings* to recant
Our *Lawes* for *Faction's* violence, or taunt;
O, for their feigned courtesie, unfold
Those *sacred sheetes*, where *Wisdome* hath en-
roll'd

The *Publike Interest*, and gratifie
VWith *new Indentures* raz'd *Communitie*.

VWhat, to alleviate my pressing weights;
Heav'n may contrive; how to enlarge my
freights;

How it will crosse unnaturall intents
Of *Hands*, becoming *Heads* of *Instruments*;
How into *order* such *confusion* bring;
Reduce to *subject* each become *halfe-King*;
I can't determine, nor will take much care

How in the hands of unjust men I fare,
VWhile in the *Empire* of my *soul* I hold
Justice by *God* and *Conscience* uncontroll'd.

VWhat *Reason*, *Honour*, *Conscience*, could
permit

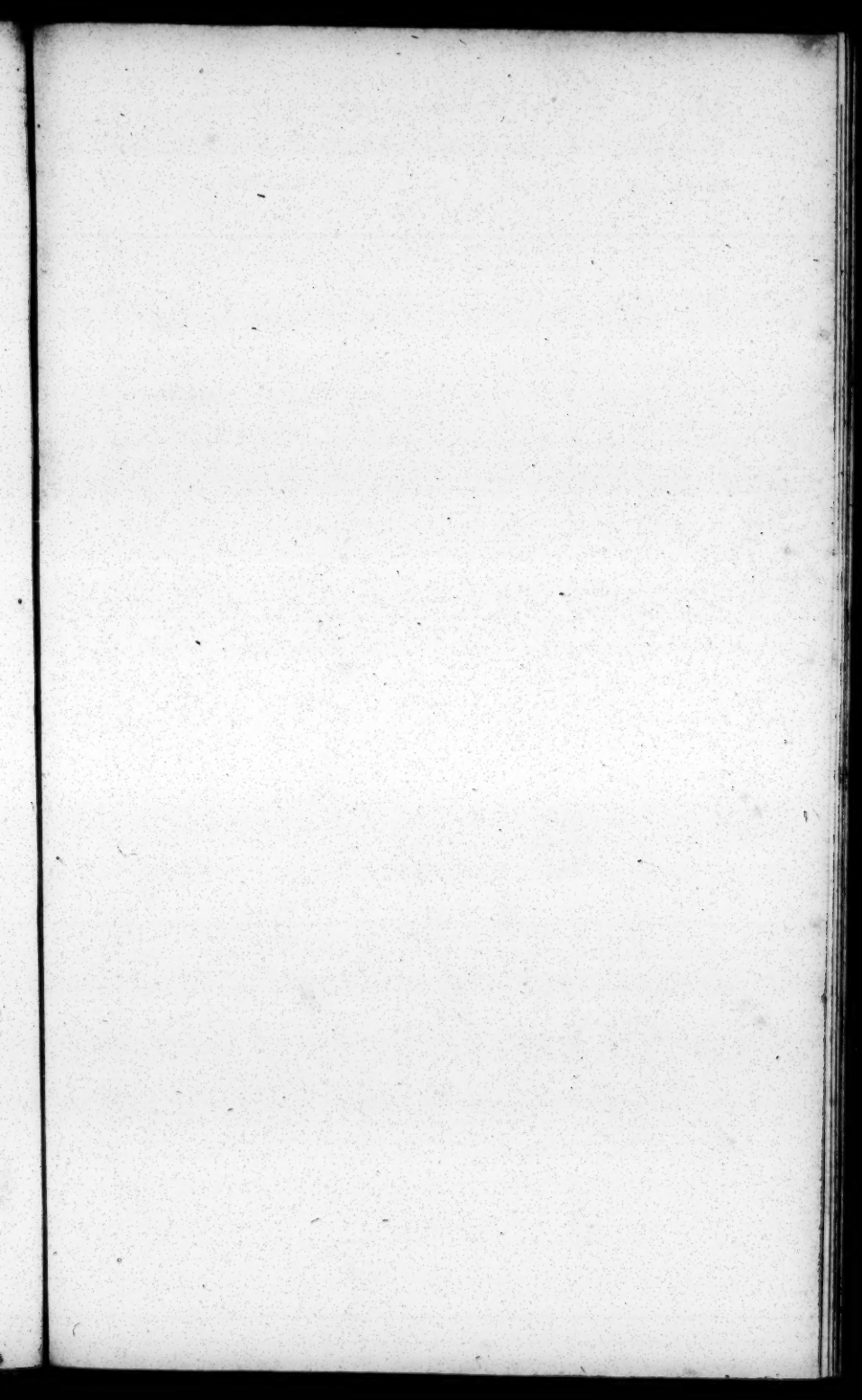
To my concession, I indulged it,

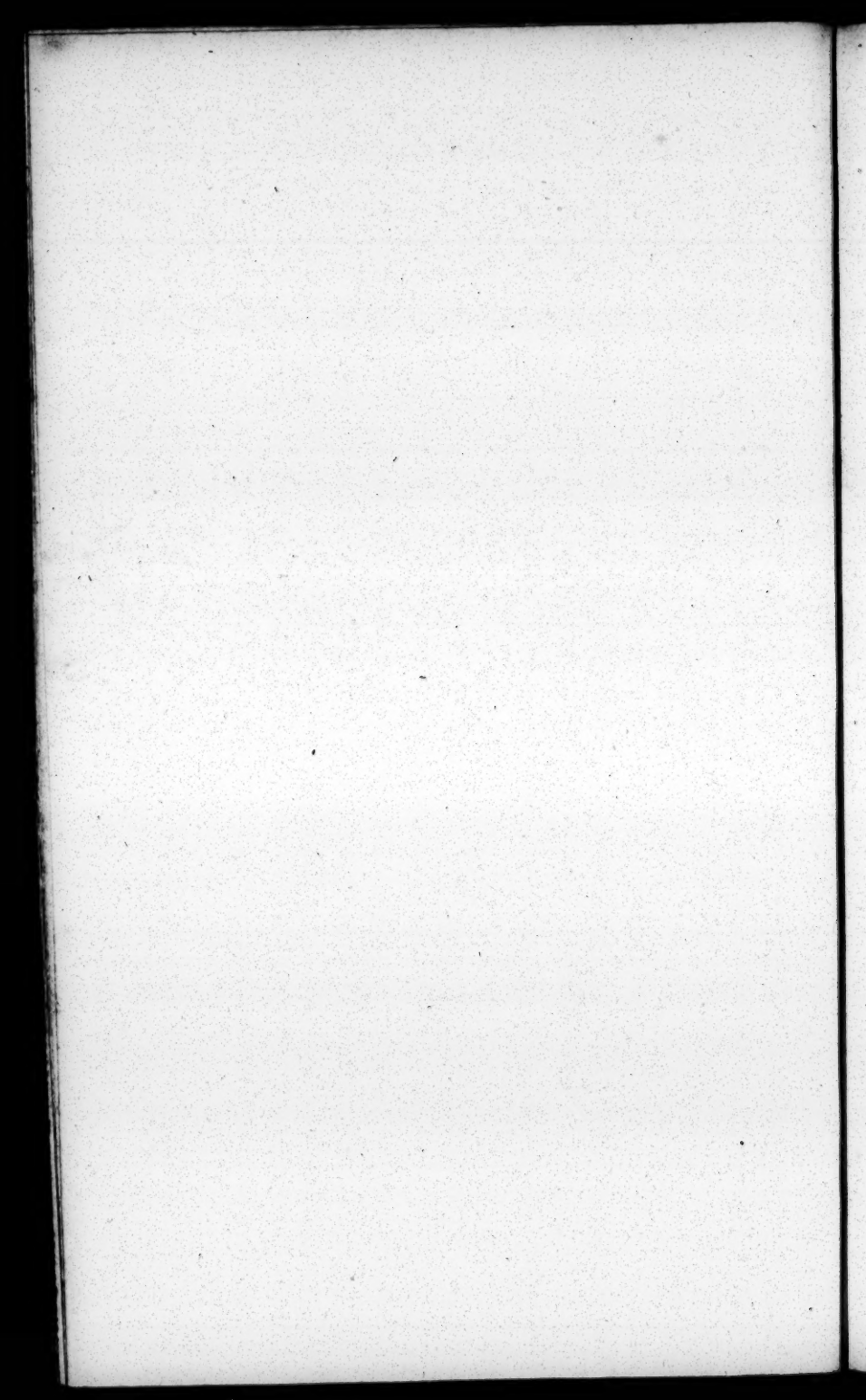
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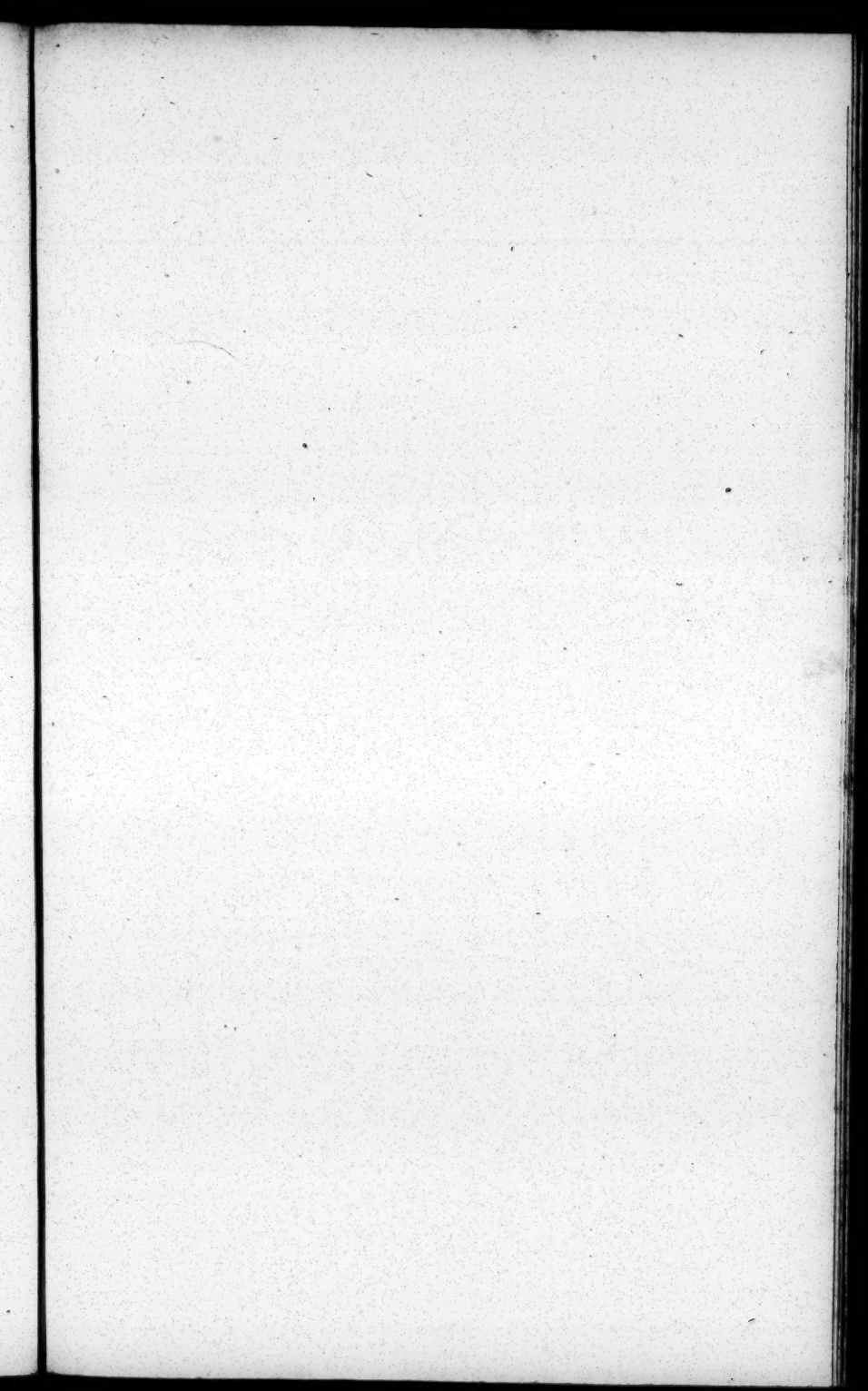
The Royall Missive.

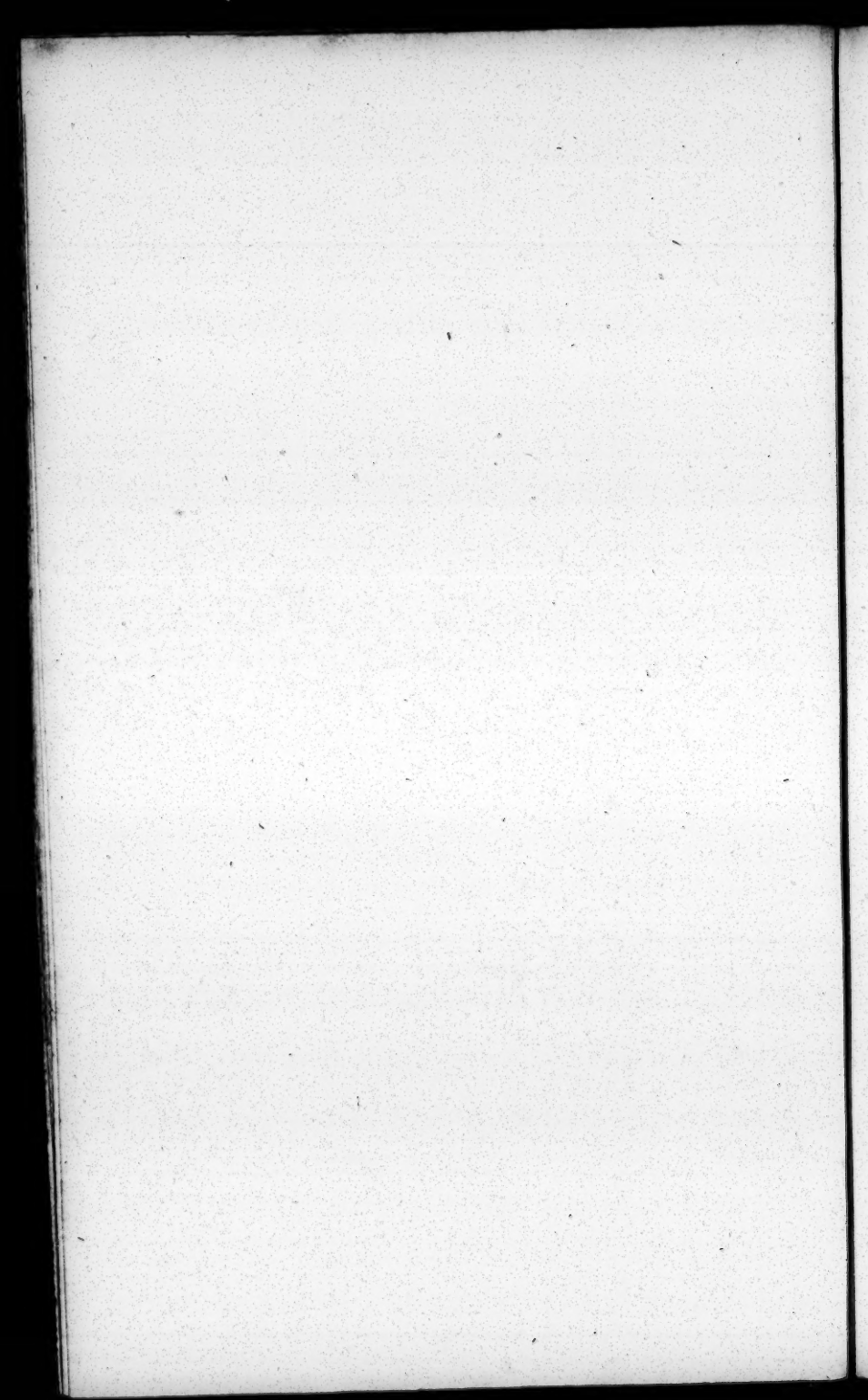
All *strain'd* *atlength* by offers to Reforme
 Regarding onely safety in the *forme*;
 Or'e-nice in no reserves, but where *consent*
 Must needs betray all due meanes to prevent
 Irreparable violences to
 My *soul*, the *Church*, my *People*, Son, & you,
 Who in the issues of my *Grants* have share;
 As of my Kingdomes next *undoubted* heire.

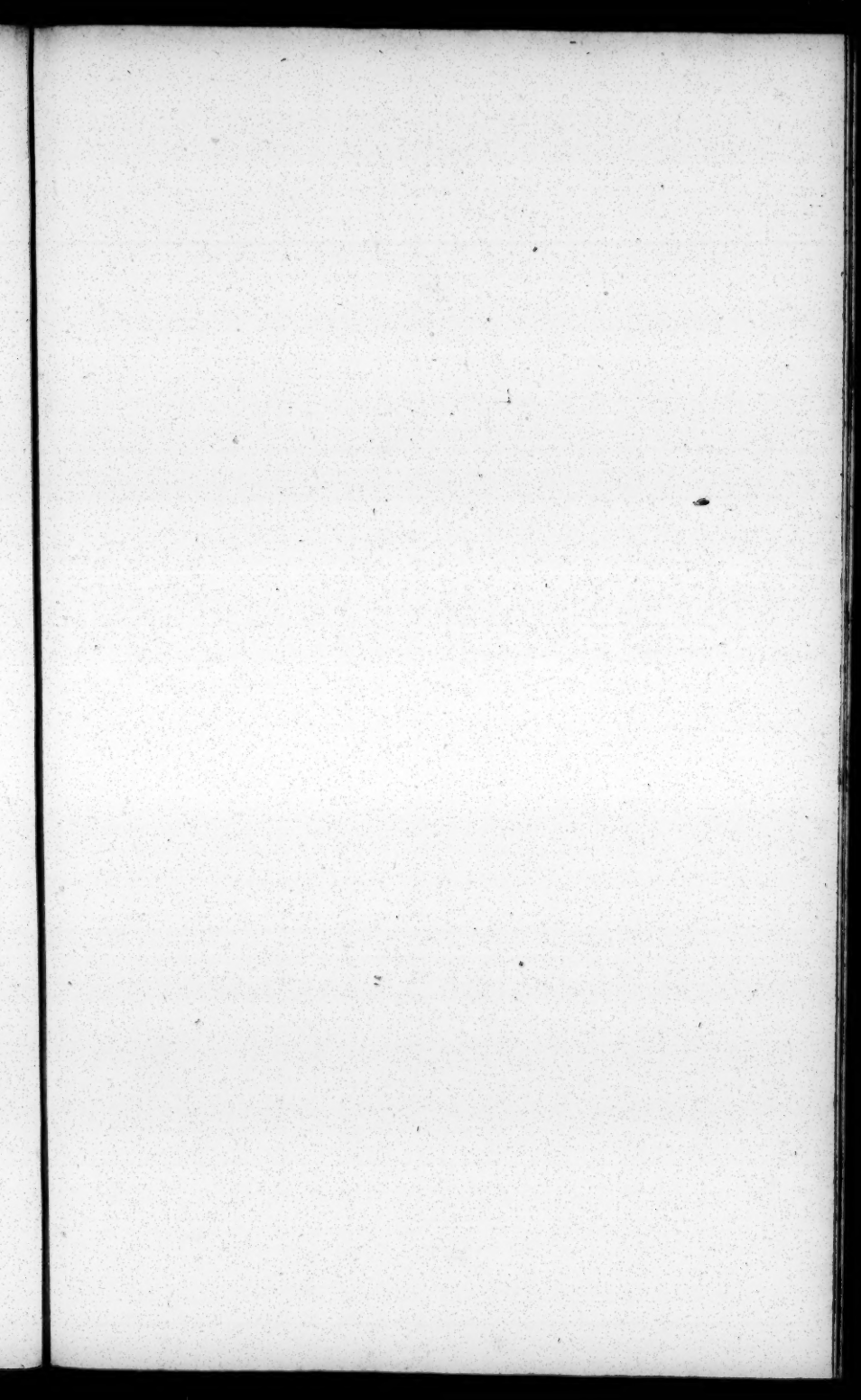


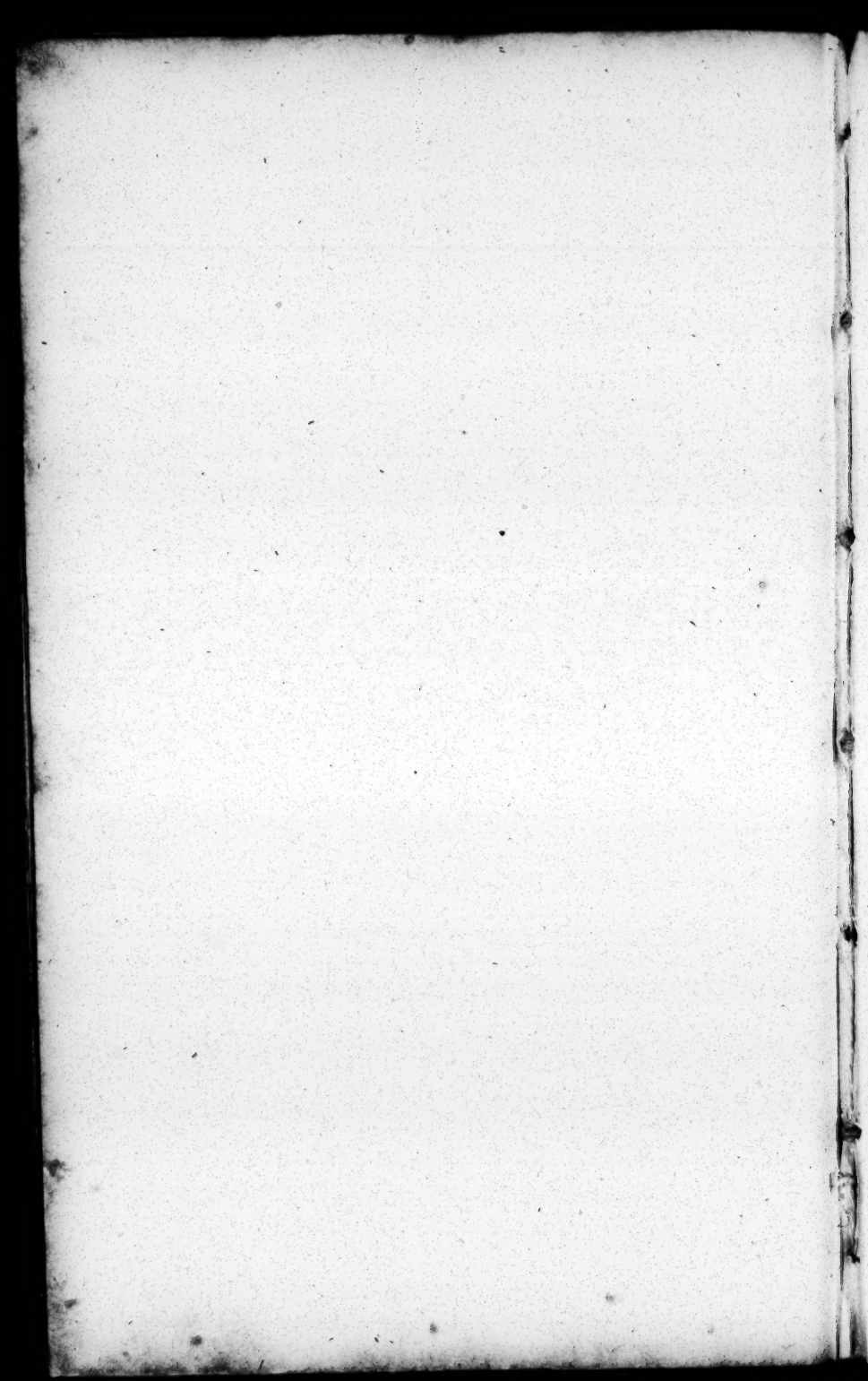












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